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It Happens in Seasons

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IT HAPPENS IN SEASONS

Anna Boling

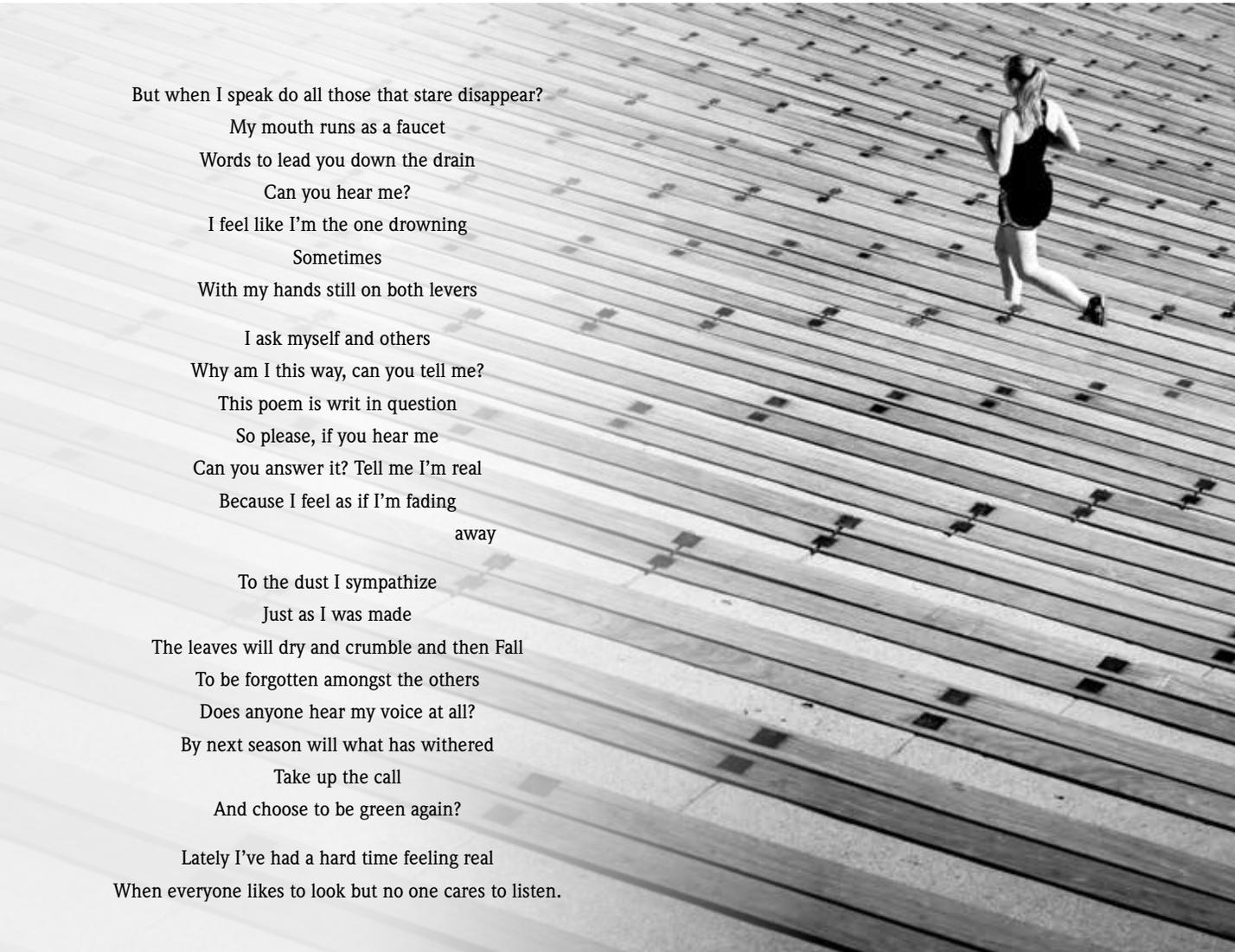
Lately I've had a hard time feeling real
Floating over my mattress at night
Brushing through these complacent eyes in waking time
Amongst strangers
(How cold their stares are
Like pool water in Spring time.
I swim/wait/wade through them)

I speak out
No one seems to hear me
Or at least no one listens
Do these words exist in someone else's space?
Do those I speak to that respond
Have a place only in my mind?

Is it just the way I am
That slips their attention
Like yolk between pinching fingers?
And to those that respond, seem to stick like it's transparent residue?

But despite this I can't help feeling see-through
Am I too small of a person,
Not self-present, not your eye-level?
Even if I was larger would I be stretched thinner
No longer opaque, simply
Evaporate in the heat of your Summer?

Everywhere I walk are stares
Women spiteful and men intrigued
Children in wonder or confusion
At conventional beauty held in a face and transportation I forget
Is on display 'round my mouth and mind
Hardly warm enough for reminder of life in
Cold, hard winter



But when I speak do all those that stare disappear?
My mouth runs as a faucet
Words to lead you down the drain
Can you hear me?
I feel like I'm the one drowning
Sometimes
With my hands still on both levers

I ask myself and others
Why am I this way, can you tell me?
This poem is writ in question
So please, if you hear me
Can you answer it? Tell me I'm real
Because I feel as if I'm fading
away

To the dust I sympathize
Just as I was made
The leaves will dry and crumble and then Fall
To be forgotten amongst the others
Does anyone hear my voice at all?
By next season will what has withered
Take up the call
And choose to be green again?

Lately I've had a hard time feeling real
When everyone likes to look but no one cares to listen.

RED ROCKS AMPHITHEATRE
Jiafeng Lan